To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Des. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdemona?*
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyst, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For here's a young and sweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts,
Des. I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.
Oth. What promise chucke?
Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No indeed my Lord.
Oth Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me, when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. I'st possible?
Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke:
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the silke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.
Des. Indeed, i'st true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Des. Then would to God that I had neuer seene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Des. Why doe you speake so startingly and rash?
Oth. I'st lost? i'st gone? speake, is it out o'the way?
Des. Blesse vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind misgiues.
De. Come, come, you'l neuer meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Des. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.